UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Race's One Foundation

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

V

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Mussolini and the Pope

By DOROTHY WALTON

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V. CHAPTERS XXII AND XXIII

By M. K. GANDHI

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SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is now on his way to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes is contributing a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1929 NUMBER 2

TOLSTOY TO THE CZAR

To rule a people does not mean to govern them by force and violence, but to serve them with wisdom and love.

Neither parliament nor constitutional government makes a nation happy, great or advanced.

Your first duty is to build your sovereignty upon the love of peace, liberty and brotherhood, and there will not be necessary either prisons or enormous military expenses.

Give freedom to every man to think, worship or speak as he likes, and they will learn to rule themselves with love and wisdom. I suggest these rules for ruling:

1. To follow the example of Christ and become a servant of the nation.

2. Abolish the army of violence and establish an army of peace and love.

3. Give the largest freedom to all the individuals of our country to act as they think right and proper.

4. Renounce all wealth and luxury, abolish all titles and particular privileges.

Having done all this, you will become one of the greatest rulers of present time and your name will be blessed and worshipped by millions.

Herbert Hoover is now seated in the chair of the presidency, the welfare of the nation entrusted to his hands. The words of Tolstoy are the words of Quakerism. Mr. Hoover knows them. We have faith that under his guidance we shall have a national and international life in accordance with the high ideals of government set forth in the quotation which heads this column.

The piece of world news which should today engage mankind's first attention is the starvation of some millions of Chinese. The public is inclined to be callous, since the Chinese have suffered from hunger for a long time. It has not been proved however that the pangs of hunger grow less from repetition. That many Chinese starved to death a decade ago doubtless only adds to their despair. The fact that those who are starving are helpless gives additional horror to the situation. That there is plenty of food in the world that could reach the sufferers turns it into tragedy. There are three methods of relief. (1) The realization of a social order in which there shall be no unemployment, no starvation. An order in which the principle of equality applied would bring this about. (2) The greatest source of help might well be our government. Has not Herbert Hoover come to the kingdom for such a time as this? (3) A check for Chinese relief sent to Dr. Harry F. Ward, Union Theological Seminary, New York City, who will see that it is wisely applied, will give immediate relief.

The American Federation of Labor in its recent meeting took a stand for two good things and two bad ones, to our thinking. Perhaps not a reprehensible record when we consider other deliberative bodies. The Federation represents about four million for the most part skilled workers. The Federation expressed sympathy for the Pullman porters by offering to help organize them and to recognize their union when organized. The Federation of Labor has started things. Let the people also wake up and help the porters to pass, economically, to a self respecting basis of living, with adequate wages (they now receive $72.00 a month) not dependent on the reprehensible tipping system. The second good thing was the stand for shorter hours and a five day week in an increasing number of trades. On the other hand the Federation did two bad things. It demanded that the immigration laws provide for the practical exclusion of new comers for ten years, and took a strong anti-Prohibition attitude. Of all citizens the workers ought to be 100 per cent against the saloon and booze. The Federation of Labor shows as much blindness on Prohibition as do the Metropolitan dailies of New York and Chicago, whose ignorance and prejudice on the subject are appalling.

The treatment of the Brookwood Labor College by the Federation is one of the ugliest features in the American Labor world today. Brookwood is the best Labor College in the land. Its head is A. J. Muste, one of the finest and most intelligent of American citizens and a thorough teacher and administrator. What the Federation has done in withdrawing its endorsement is both a cruel and ignorant act.

Our hats off to the Canadians over road building! We visited the Aviation Exhibit in New York recently, which was attended by 150,000 people during the eight days it was open. We could not believe our eyes, but plainly on the walls were several maps of Canada and the United States giving the automobile roads in each country. All the way from Montreal to Vancouver Canada made twice as good a showing as did the United States. We could find scarcely a place on the long boundary of 3,000 miles where Canada did not

have more roads than America and these too, extending for hundreds of miles into the interior. The States have a population of over 100,000,000. New York State has nearly as many people as all Canada, and more automobiles than all nations combined. One would think there would be a perfect cobweb of automobile roads in the States. Canada's road making may be accounted for by two things. First, say the scornful, these roads are for the purpose of accommodating thirsty Americans. Secondly, the Canadian Federal and provincial governments get behind road building in the belief that it is the function of government to look after public utilities. Whatever may be the cause our hats off to Canada!

Important things are occurring in Central Asia which in the long run may seriously affect our land. At present Afghanistan is the center with all its borderlands involved. All Americans should rejoice that the women of Central Asia are throwing off their veils, and a lot of other impedimenta. They, like their Turkish sisters, have started on a run for freedom. God help them! They will need all the help they can get. The D. A. R. ought to send them greetings. Central Asia offers a key to Britain's Russian policy. It is there that Britain and Soviet Russia are rubbing each other the hardest. Britain is pushing up from India. Seven-eighths of the news coming out of Central Asia, as found in American newspapers from the New York *Times* down, is pure British propaganda in preparation for her moves and to prejudice opinion against all Soviet moves. There is trouble brewing between Britain and Russia. If it comes, Britain will want to have the United States on her side, at least to finance the conflict. In this it is certain that the United States, in the long run when friendship, and trade concessions are taken into account, stands to be the loser. Friendship, *pure, honest friendship,* with Russia would do much to keep us out of "entangling alliances" with foreign powers. Alliances that do not promise peace and prosperity to us nor to the world.

The women of England are on the right track. Many of them are organizing to secure world peace by the tactics that were so successful years ago when used by the Anti-Saloon League in knocking out the saloon. Since they find that legislatively the politicians stand in the way of securing peace, they propose to stand them up *before* election, and demand how they will stand on certain vital peace issues. If they do not find a certain politician satisfactory they proceed to hunt one who is, just as the Anti-Saloon League used to do. The women of England expect that after a while when politicians find themselves unreturned they will discover that "these peace women" have used their "little hatchet" to cut down their aspirations. It will be found too that the hatchet works irrespective of party. It may be worth while for would-be legislators to get through their heads what is wanted by the people.

As we write, the Reparations Committee is grinding away in Paris. No one can fail to realize that the results of its work will be far-reaching. It is our opinion, not conviction, that a vital mistake was made when an American accepted the position of chairman. America will be held preeminently responsible for the result. The other committeemen will find no difficulty in dodging behind America. The *great mistake* was made ten years ago, when the Versailles committee failed to remember the big words, "forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Instead, they mouthed something about democracy, and even in this shut out the Orientals from the enjoyment of equality. When the Russians were proclaiming, "No reparations, no indemnities" and Lloyd George was uttering something about Britain wanting nothing, and the whole world was waiting for the word *"forgive"* to be demonstrated, the hearts of the Versailles Treaty people turned to stone and they began to demand their "pound of flesh." They all know that *all the nations* were to blame for the war, and there are no human scales to determine which was the most to blame. The Germans at heart believe that they ought not to pay any reparations at all. The British, the French, the Italians in their heart of hearts think so too. The only way out is by confession and forgiveness.

It is impossible to keep a good man or a good cause down. William Floyd, editor of the *Arbitrator,* is one of these good men. He has just launched an organization which he calls "Peace Patriots." He started with one hundred signers, well known citizens, descendants of the forefathers running back to the "Mayflower," who are patriots by inheritance and also by present purpose. These signers demand that a citizen work for peace and oppose militarism. They are out for two things, a five year naval armistice and a pledge to oppose all future wars. On Washington's birthday Mr. Floyd addressed a memorial to Fred A. Britten, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, asking for a bill providing for a five year cessation in building of armaments among the nations. Mr. Floyd is an individualist and he will work on even if he must "go it alone" but he will be glad to welcome sympathy and to have the names of those willing to help in securing these two objects. Financial contributions would aid in publicity work. S. S.

The Race's One Foundation

The race's one foundation is emotion. And in the race one may include all the institutions, customs, traditions, and beliefs which go to make up that curious complex we call civilization because we know not what else to call it. To be sure this hypothesis regarding the way we got started, and how we got this way will hardly be accepted with enthusiasm by any considerable number of persons while new theories in the field of natural science are always welcome, more or less, by reason of their possible adaptibility at the hands of inventors. New brands of soap, and new models of automobiles contribute to the comfort and possibly to the sanitation of society. They frequently pay dividends, and are therefore desirable.

Innovations in the field of human behaviour is a different matter. For one thing we are scientifically progressive but humanly conservative. Furthermore, the book of Genesis went into this matter of origins a long time ago, and the explanation which it offers is good enough for most of us. "The Church's one Foundation is Jesus Christ Our Lord." The artist's one foundation is conformity to design. The politician's one foundation is the perfect pattern of a divinely ordained state.

Thus runs the old explanation. The inexorable course of events, however, and the desire to save our mental self respect appears to be driving an increasing number of persons to the conclusion that so far as civilization is concerned, reason, intelligence, and mental concepts have had very little to do with it.

Take art. Where did it come from? Where did we get all these conventionalizations of line, form and color? Did somebody sit down and think them out and announce to the world that conformity to certain arrangements should constitute a good picture and nonconformity a poor one? What happened was that on one occasion, perhaps on many, at a period long before we have any record, some man who had been hunting or fishing, or pursuing his rude forms of agriculture, while resting from his labors and dreaming of exploit or labor began aimlessly to scratch upon the walls of his cave rude lines associated with the active interests of his life. It was a wholly unconscious procedure and he was enjoying it immensely, — this outlet of his aesthetic impulse—until his equally primitive wife came along and declared it to be a wretched picture; thereby conventionalizing the entire process, and announcing herself the first critic of art.

Evidences are not wholly lacking today of the recurrence of such an approach to art as seems to mark its beginning. The question is not quite so insistent regarding a given product whether it is a good picture or a bad one—that is a mental test. How is anybody to answer such a question unless he knows who painted it? What is more to the point is to ask whether it shows feeling and fancy; whether the person who painted it let himself go emotionally, and whether it succeeds in emotionalizing the person who sees it. At least that seems to be the test to which Sir Joseph Duveen submits such pictures as are presented to him for criticism, and because "Ferroniere" failed to register emotionally it cost the good lady from St. Louis upwards of half a million dollars. There is much to be said on behalf of the theory that art is merely an institutionalization of man's aesthetic impulse.

Take religion. What is it—a system of ideas, or a way of life? People are much divided on that point today. Some say one thing, some another. The chances are that in the beginning it was neither of these things, just a sense of helplessness and dependence in the presence of the great mysteries of existence. Man came to discover that he could gain a certain degree of comfort through the performance of certain exercises which he called religious, and through the maintenance of an organization for such purposes, and thus it was upon the basis of this emotion that the church was born, sacraments received their sanction, and the Apostolic Succession gained its hold upon the imagination of men.

Take government. People have always had great difficulty in hanging together. To be sure man is a gregarious creature; he loves to be with others of his own sort so long as this association serves to satisfy his instinct for self preservation, and does not incur distasteful obligation. But the problem of unfication has taxed the ingenuity of political leaders to the utmost. Taking it in the large the institutions of government from the earliest times to our own day fall into two main divisions: those known as the Patriarchal, in which the emotional element was supplied from some external source, and those known as the Fratriarchal, in which the people supply their own emotional amalgam.

The Jews, for example, were Patriarchal. They believed themselves to be the Chosen People, much as many Americans do today, though the Jews were more successful in getting themselves believed than we are. It was a highly emotional appeal. In varying degrees China, India, and Japan made the same sort of appeal, and thereby built up the various and remarkable forms of their ancient civilization.

The emotional appeal of democracy is a much more difficult matter to achieve. It has to be what we speak of as fratriarchal. We have to make our own rules and enforce them ourselves. Democracy regards with

suspicion the emotional appeals of kingship, supernaturalism, papal authority, and all the rest. If somebody would come along with some really effective device for emotionalizing democracy through some other means than asking us to get together to fight some other people he would undoubtedly confer the greatest boon upon mankind that has even been devised. As we stand at present our one emotional appeal in democracy is that of mutual agreement. That is a very severe test to place upon the emotions of most persons, but it has been shown time and time again that these emotions can be educated, and education to that end is the great task and opportunity of the modern world.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

[Editorial Correspondence]

V

Alexandria

Our landing at Alexandria was a horror. From the moment when our docking steamship was surrounded by row-boats filled with clamoring hotel and tourist agents, to the moment when the last persistent peddler was thrust from the departing train, it was one hideous bedlam of noise and confusion. The shouts and screams, the pulling and hauling, the angry struggling and fighting, the porters toiling under their burdens of baggage, the officers striking madly with their canes, the money-changers clanking their silver and calling out for business, the news-venders, fruit-sellers, souvenir peddlers, jugglers, fakers, and innumerable loafers—was there ever such a turmoil? It was in the beginning so sudden and in its continuance so appalling, that one lost all reason and self-control. I found myself stricken by a kind of subconscious panic of emotion, and without realizing it was passing out silver to outstretched palms like a drunken millionaire. Hell hath no terror for me after this experience. I shall be able to face undismayed its deepest rounds of horror, for I have endured a boat landing in Egypt.

I had expected to be thinking in Alexandria of the library destroyed in ancient days, of the quay where Caesar bade good-bye to Cleopatra on his last departure for Rome, of the harbor where rode the fleets of Greece and Tyre and the Roman Empire. But instead I found myself meditating in my railroad carriage, after the landing was over, of the phenomenon of porters. Who are these fellows who are fighting like flame-beset demons for the privilege of lugging from a steamship the back-breaking baggage of foreign tourists? What a sight! Here is a man sweating and panting with five dress-suit cases lashed together by an enormous strap about his neck and back. Here is another bent almost double to the ground with two trunks piled up, one a-top the other, on his shoulders. And here is still a third carrying two enormous bags on his back, two more in his hands, and a fifth dangling from his teeth in a knotted handkerchief. How can muscles bear such burdens, and bones not crack beneath such strains? Talk about over-loading animals! I had no sympathy for struggling donkeys and camels inland after seeing the human beasts of burden upon the docks. If men can thus be treated, why be surprised if animals are abused? And these men were abusing themselves. They were not slaves, driven to this killing toil for others. No master lashed them to obedience as in the grim days of the Pharaohs. No, these porters were free men, freely choosing thus to labor and earn.

Or so it seemed! But deep down in these lives were forces more terrible than any foreman's whip or conqueror's sword. This fierce lifting and carrying on the docks were all that stands between these men and starvation. They *must* have those few coins tossed to them by contemptuous passengers if they and their families are to eat. It is thus that we organize society —place at the bottom vast hosts of ignorant, helpless, hopeless men who shall be driven by the sheer struggle for physical survival to do the dirty and burdensome work of the world! These porters, like all other toilers in our western nations, are free politically. We have abolished the laws and institutions which make one man the property of another. But these same porters are now subject to another law—the law of economic necessity; they are bound by another institution—the institution of wage labor. Free politically, they are slaves economically. They tug and toil at our bags not because they love us, not because they enjoy such work, not because they are filled with the spirit of service, but simply and solely because they *have* to do it if they are not to starve like dogs in a famine-stricken town. Outwardly I saw this fearful sight of men racing madly across the pier to bow themselves down beneath the burden of our baggage. Inwardly I saw another and truly lovely sight of men—ourselves!—carrying their own baggage off the boat, the stronger among them sharing the burden of the weaker, and all rejoicing in the dignity of labor and the joy of mutual help. Some time that day will come—when there will be no more outcasts and slaves and human beasts, but all of us be brothers together in the common labor of the common life.

Cairo

We were not happy on the trip to Cairo—the memory of that landing was too much with us! Yet were we wooed from the panic and pain of the experience, in spite of ourselves, by the strange sights that greeted us through the windows of the train as we flashed along. First, a woman with a veiled face, then flocks of dirty but picturesque Arabs trudging along the roads or toiling in the fields, then mud villages overtopped by tall, waving palm-trees, donkeys galore, and then a camel, another camel, lots of camels. I am so blasé now, after two days in Jerusalem, on the camel question, that I can meet one face to face in a narrow street and not even blink an eye-lash. But those first camels discovered from the car-windows were worth going miles to see. The real thing, however, only came after some three hours, when the scene had begun to pall upon us a bit, and my son and I were playing chess. This stretch of country, through the flat Delta region of the Nile was all much the same —unchanging areas of cultivated land cut cross-ways with irrigation ditches, occasional Arab villages, groups

of workers or travelers along the highways, donkeys, camels, bullocks, and dogs. The ploughing interested us—the primitive wooden ploughs, pulled by donkeys or bullocks and turning the soil only a few inches deep. But it was much the same everywhere, and we were getting impatient for Cairo, and the chess game was a good sedative. Suddenly, I heard my wife give a cry of surprise. "The pyramids," was her exclamation. We leaped to the windows—and there over the distant city, clearly outlined against the sunlight, loomed the unmistakable bulk of two pyramids. The spell of Egypt was upon us. The huge piles were too far away to be impressive, but we stared and stared, until intervening buildings shut out the awesome sight. Immediately on our arrival at Cairo, we wanted to rush to the desert, and behold these mightiest of monuments. But we had no time. In the few hours between trains, we could only walk the streets of this curious and noisy city, and wait till our return to "see the sights."

To Jerusalem

At six o'clock, we were on the train for Kantara; and at nine-thirty we were at the Suez Canal for the crossing from Africa to Asia. We were doing three continents in four days!

I shall not soon forget that little but momentous water-way. Was there ever such a motley gathering of humans as crowded on that dimly-lit ferry-boat that night! There were perhaps a hundred of us. The omnipresent American was there, of course, in full force. An equally large group was composed of silent Arabs, wrapped securely in their mantles and squatting on their enormous packs. There were several English military officers. Two Japanese were talking to an American about Tokyo. Egyptians and a Nubian or two were scattered here and there. I heard the German language at my right. On the other side of the boat was a Greek Orthodox priest—an important dignitary who had had a large group of devotees to bid him farewell at Cairo with much kneeling and kissing of hands. He occupied in solemn grandeur, with one attendant priest, an entire compartment on the train. How he had glared at me when I had inadvertently stepped into his room! Among the passengers were also numerous Jews. The tribes of earth and the religions of all the gods were represented on that ferry craft.

We pushed off into the placid stream, bathed in the cold splendor of a full moon. It was a narrow canal —could two ships pass? Yet this little stream outweighed the seven seas. For here was the central link of England's empire—the greatest empire since the passing of the vast sovereignties of classic days. Suez it was which held Egypt in occupation, Palestine under the mandate, India in subjection, and East and West under single political control. Snap this link of the English chain of military and political dominance, and the globe would fall apart. But it will never be snapped—not while England lives! In the Great War, the best planned, most ably led and most triumphant campaign of the Allies was that conducted by the English and Arabians under General Allenby in this region for the conquest of Palestine, the destruction of the Turkish army, and incidentally and primarily the protection of Suez. In the next war, if it ever comes, English lives will be poured out like water to protect this artificial lane of communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. Chamberlain had this canal in mind when he wrote his so-called reservations to the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. And here it lay in the moonlight, crossed by a little band of ill-assorted travelers who at that peaceful moment were sheltered, protected, guided, controlled and mastered by Britain, Rome herself never ruled this world with half so great a power.

On the journey to Jerusalem, we traveled on the railroad built through valleys, up mighty canyons, over towering and barren hills by English engineers for the passage of Allenby's great host. Prior to this campaign of arms, there was no entrance to the Holy Land through this region except by the ancient caravan trail, and by occasioned bypaths fit only for donkeys' feet. But Allenby's base of supplies was Egypt, and communications must be kept open through all this desert country. So the road was constructed with matchless skill and devoted labor and now rebuilt along permanent lines does the work of peace. My pacifist conviction that war can do no good thing was shaken just a bit as I lay in my comfortable de luxe "wagon lit," and reflected that, had the English not conquered this country, I should be sleeping in some caravan camping ground, or daring the perilous landings at Jaffa or Haifa.

I saw little of the country till morning, when I was awakened at Ludd, the railroad junction town, by the zealous porter for a cup of tea and a bit of bread. Then I watched the slow winding of the train up and up, around and around, as it slowly scaled the 2,700 and more feet to the hilltop of Jerusalem. It seemed incredible that an army had ever crossed these hills, yet it had been done with a skill which makes Allenby one of the great strategists of all time. The hills were mostly barren, but they were terraced here and there, and in sheltered spots appeared traces of cultivation. I could see that the railway with its few trains was still a novelty, for camels bolted and ran as the engine puffed laboriously by, and workers stopped to stare as in a fascinated trance. This was an Arab country, and the people were primitive and miserably poor. There was little of beauty or cheer till the end of the journey drew near, and I saw the outskirts of Jerusalem. I was disappointed at the first glance, for I saw nothing of the old city. These were suburbs, very modern—Niozah, one of the older Jewish agricultural settlements, Kaloniyeh, an Arab village, and at last the farthest houses of the city proper. It was not Jerusalem as I had expected it. But a few moments' drive from the station brought me to the Jaffa Gate, and I was supremely happy. Here was the city of my dreams. My long journey across two oceans, through six countries, and touching four continents, was ended. I had arrived!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Unity

We're one with the toiling millions
Treading on earth to-day,
And one with the unseen forces
Helping us on our way.

One with the light of the morning—
A part of the sun's bright ray,
Our life is a stream supernal
Flowing along for aye.

—*A. P.-M.*

Trailing in the Wake of News

Caro, Michigan.—"Theft of thirty bags of beans brings Frank Bower a life term." Thus does our insane thirst for punishment slack itself. Punishment no longer fits the crime. We may soon expect the theft of an election to be the prime requisite for the presidency. Why not? Did not the same state, Michigan, send Newberry to the senate after he stole the election? Equality before the law! Bah! One steals thirty bags of beans and goes up for life; another steals an election and goes to the senate.

Franklin, Louisiana.—"Mrs. Ada Bonner Lebeuf *first* white woman legally executed in Louisiana." Here we have more evidence that America is gradually being civilized. When the state goes into the lynching business how can it possibly expect anything else from its citizens? If the state has the right to murder, why not mobs? Both claim to administer justice. After all examples influence from the top downward, never from the bottom upward.

London.—"Prime minister Stanley Baldwin to unveil statue of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst." So time exacts its vengeance at last! How the gods must chuckle when they recall the way in which Mr. Baldwin used to denounce Mrs. Pankhurst, demanding her imprisonment! Shades of haughty Tories—the statue is to be erected in Westminster. Well, well, maybe Westminister will yet honor Jesus. Who knows?

New York City.—"The demand for polysyllabic words increases." Two students were discussing an intellectual question. One called the other's statement "psuedoparalellipipidicaditonellement." Immediately the other qualified it as "antipsuedoparalellipidicaditionnellement." Finally they submitted their predicament to a third; he replied saying, "it left him in a antipsuedolateralparalellipipedicationnellement" against the use of such words. We never knew before what bliss ignorance really was.

Madrid.—"Document found in archives of Pontivedra parish proves Columbus was born there, not in Genoa." If this be true, then it proves that Mussolini will find a just cause for going to war with Spain. Think of the audacity of Columbus being born in Spain, not Italy! We await the antics of Italy's "clown quince." It may turn out that the rewriting of history is one of the things he cannot do.

Paris.—"French say our jazz is too soul disturbing; there is too much deep melancholy, too much despairing tenderness, too great a throb of soul in American jazz for us." We have always wondered what was the matter with our musical appreciation. Now we know it—jazz is too highly spiritual for our crass materialist sensibilities. This certainly proves somebody's crazy, and we should like to find out who.

Yardville, N. J.—"George Henry hangs himself when his radio fails to work." Often we feel like doing that when ours works! We'er a queer lot. Some cry because roses have thorns; others laugh because thorns have roses. Some rave because the cold costs too much coal; others thank God because the cold cuts down the ice bill. Surely God must have laughed when he made men—it was too good a joke to keep.

Oklahoma City.—"Bill is introduced to end whispering campaigns." Good! Now we need a bill to end whimpering and sniffling campaigns. It is these latter that do more harm than the whispering ones. Out of them develop the chip-on-the-shoulder complex, the most contemptable kind of martyrdom. In place of the whispering campaign why not make it obligatory upon every candidate to conduct a truth-shouting and a fact-yelling campaign?

London.—"England goes America one better and offers a K. K. K. K. in place of America's K. K. K." These four K's stand for "Klassical Konfraternity of Kongenial Konfreres." We know that "clan" will never live: it is founded on love, not hate. It is expecting entirely too much of Christians—to love one another.

Berlin.—"Prussia is closing 260 jails." My, these Germans must be terrible people. Can it be possible that these terrible "huns" have found a way to decrease crime, while simon pure Americans find their's on the increase? We wonder whether the example set for us by some of our former cabinet members and "oily" officials does not have its psychological effect upon gangs organized for the same purpose but with less high sounding pretense. So long as the primary desire of Americans is to discover ways and means of evading the law, just so long will crime be an honored profession.

"Fritz Frank invents a paper that will not burn." At last editorials are assured immortality. No longer shall we be able after flying into a rage over an editorial to make of it a burnt offering to the god of prejudice. For like the Phoenix of old, it shall rise up out of the flames to haunt our days for evermore. And as for sermons, they too shall be freed forever from the danger of spontaneous combustion by reason of their dryness. Of a truth, there are some compensations to editing!

W. W. W. A.

Mussolini and the Pope

"Italy's foremost statesman," said Francesco Crispi (himself an outstanding figure in the history of United Italy) "will be he who solves the Roman question." For decades some of the keenest foreign and Italian students have contended that the Roman question was insoluble. To the astonishment of all Benito Mussolini has qualified for Crispi's place of honor.

For five weeks the entire world had been reading that a solution was imminent and for five days everyone outside of Italy knew that Mussolini and the Pope had come to an agreement. But it was only after the concordat had been safely signed by the Duce and Cardinal Gasparri, secretary of state for the Holy See, that the Italian papers were allowed to publish the story and the Italian populace informed of what had taken place. Humiliating? Yes. But Mussolini knows his people. Discussion beforehand might have been inimical. But once a proposition has become fact natural apathy makes an Italian shrug his shoulders and raise his hands in that beautifully helpless gesture that expresses more than the most carefully chosen words.

The day after Mussolini had driven triumphantly away from the historic Lateran palace where the signing of the documents had taken place the population of Rome was summoned to the piazza of St. Peter's! Placards plastered all over the wall and on the tram cars carried the announcement even more widely than press notices. The Romans knew what it meant. Peace between the church and state had actually been consummated. The rumors and whispering were true. Perhaps now the good old times before Garibaldi's coup when the Pope attended such popular functions as the dedication of a bridge were coming back. At any rate they would all be at St. Peter's to see whatever was to happen.

A historic day this February 12th. It is not only the seventh anniversary of the Pope's coronation but a high water mark in the golden anniversary of his entering the priesthood. In America school children are celebrating the birth of Abraham Lincoln. In Rome school children with their parents are hurrying to St. Peter's.

The 40,000 who are lucky enough to have secured tickets for the ceremony inside the basilica began arriving at breakfast time. A motley crowd—women in black with veils over their heads; a few blithe feminine tourists who have slipped by the guards with their hats on; nuns with large white bonnets obstructing the view; lean seminarists of every nation soon to metamorphose into paunchy clerics, the Germans conspicuous in the gloom of the cathedral in their scarlet robes; Franciscan monks in their sombre brown and rude rope girdles; well-fed bishops sweeping past in their short lace surplices, at which an irreverent American flapper remarks that her grandmother has a bedjacket exactly similar; Swiss guards in brilliant red, orange and blue stripes, gleaming helmets and mean-looking pikes, knights of the Cape and Sword in rich black velvet doublets and white ruffs. The pageantry of the middle ages with the gaudy baroque of St. Peter's as a fitting background.

An interminable wait standing beneath the choir stall, a temporary structure to which we cling uncomfortably in order to see over the sea of heads when the papal procession should pass. At last a silence. Trumpets sounding from afar at the darkened entrance of the cathedral. Then a wild clapping of hands, people shouting *"vive il Papa"*, students standing on seats, temporary barriers swaying as the procession advances. To the puritan tourist this collegiate enthusiasm in the holiest of churches, in the sacred presence of the Pope is always a shock. But above the shining pikes of the Swiss guards can now be seen the great ostrich fans on either side of the Pope's throne approaching. Finally the Pope himself can be distinguished, resplendent in white and gold, his triple crown reminiscent of the splendor of the orient, a pleasant bespectacled face beneath it. One wonders what he is really thinking of as he waves his ringed hand mechanically from left to right in a papal blessing.

A long, solemn ceremony follows which only a few can see but which many in remote corners of the church follow in their prayerbooks while others in their zeal to see over their neighbors' heads continue the collegiate atmosphere of shouting, "Down in front."

Outside in the beautiful piazza with its glorious colonnades and its two fountains bubbling unconcernedly, a tremendous crowd has been waiting since early morning. These are the less fortunate, happy to have the crumbs of the great occasion, a glimpse of the splendid uniforms, a share in the moment when the Pope shall come out on the loggia over the portico of the Church to give the expected blessing. From the windows of the houses facing the piazza hang the gay tricolored Italian flags, the yellow and white of the papal emblems, the more sombre maroon and gold of the Roman flag and the great pieces of red tapestry which always grace an Italian festa.

At eleven-thirty it begins to rain. The sea of heads in a moment turns into a sea of umbrellas. The tallest of all is that poised over the moving picture camera stationed in a strategic position facing the church. The noon bells of the basilica begin to ring. The tired crowd takes hope. The bells ring for fifteen minutes but there is no sign from the balcony. The rain is coming down in torrents now. The starched caps of the nuns are visibly wilting. Babies are crying. Schools of orphans shepherded by sisters look sadly bedraggled. English tourists in wool stockings wear a look of grim determination. American ladies in thin silk ones alternately laugh and grumble. Hundreds huddle under the colonnades shivering with cold.

Another half hour and the curtains of the balcony windows move. A long breath. The crowd straightens up with a relieved murmur of "He's coming, he's coming." A shiny eyed mother with a shawl over her head lifts a toddler in either arm, her face radiant as she points to the balcony across the piazza.

Now emerges upon the rain-swept loggia a blob of crimson and white. A figure stands out from the entourage for a brief moment with his hand outstretched—the long waited blessing of the people and of the city of Rome.

Countless white handkerchiefs wave, white specks fluttering against the black umbrellas. Shouts of homage rise from the crowd. Skeptical foreigners who had expected to see the faithful go down on their knees in the puddles were disappointed. It was a brief moment only but it was what the 200,000 had waited

for for over four hours. The voluntary imprisonment of fifty-nine years was over. The Pope in that brief act had declared his freedom. "Long live the peace," cried the crowd. "Long live the Pope." And then as the blob of crimson and white retired into the cathedral the drenched faithful returned to drier quarters to talk it all over. And what do they say?

In the bread shops where the poor come for their coarse loaves on which they practically subsist you can hear them discussing. "Yes," says a bent old man, rubbing his swollen red hands together, "they say the Pope will be free now. Perhaps he'll even go out to the Castle Gandolfo in the summer time." "Ah," replies a discouraged, white-faced young fellow, "but I heard they are going to pay the Pope a billion and seven hundred and fifty thousand million lire indemnity. That means more taxes. Whatever they do, the Pope and Mussolini, it's always worse for us."

In the modest apartments of those intellectuals who have kept aloof from fascism and who still cherish liberal ideals the discussion runs in many currents. There are those who feel that the last shred of hope for Italy has vanished, that now the ideals for which Garibaldi and Mazzini fought so valiantly are lost forever. The church, they say, once entrenched will reach out its tentacles to secure more and more, permeating the moral, material and intellectual life of the people. They point to the new edicts already issued which make civil marriage unnecessary and put religious teaching into the upper as well as the lower schools. But keener minds find a new hope for the future. They say that this move has torn the veil from off the face of fascism and shown it for the narrow reactionary movement that it is. Syndicalism, corporations, labor courts and a corporative parliament had given the idea in some quarters that there was something new and modern and revolutionary in Fascism. But this concession to the church and those that will inevitably follow will plunge Italy into the middle ages. The aristocracy and upper middle classes will throw themselves into the arms of the church, a thing they didn't dare to do during the separation of the church and the state. Now they will find the king and pope, church and throne a fascinating ideal and a convenient support, material and moral, for their class privileges, petty despotisms and greed. Italy's dictator in a few years time, they say, will no longer be the Duce but Father Ignatius Loyola. And from such a situation a denouement is bound to occur.

But in most homes in Italy, thanks to propaganda in the schools and a well controlled press, there is great rejoicing. They are saying just what Mussolini expects them to say: "The Duce is a wonderful politician. This will make Italy talked of all over the world. It will add to her prestige and her glory. Vive Mussolini and Vive Italy."

DOROTHY WALTON.

Outlawing the International Duel

The decline and disappearance of dueling as an institution is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern history. Here was a recognized method of settling disputes, which could not, in France at any rate, be ended by the sternest edicts of Richelieu, which endured for centuries, which was even in the nineteenth century as flourishing as ever, and yet which was suddenly put an end to by public reprobation and public ridicule.

On this subject I wrote in *The Christian Science Monitor* of October 29 (*"The Passing of the Duel," reprinted in* UNITY *of February 4, 1929*) an article in which I drew a parallel between the institution of war and the institution of the duel. They do, indeed, resemble each other, and just as the duel has gone, so will war go when mankind is awakened to the absurdity, as well as the tragedy, of settling matters of justice by force of arms. The duelists, in spite of a feeble pretense about honor, did not really believe that the most skillful swordsman was the most virtuous, or that the victor must be in the right. And it surely cannot be maintained by thinking people today that the mere fact of having won a war covers a nation with righteousness, and of having lost a war with guilt. The moral issues are left undecided, and the material issues may be wrongly decided, and so have to be decided again at some later date.

Among the many letters of approval which reached me on the appearance of that article was one from S. O. Levinson, a Chicago lawyer who is devoting his energies to the abolition of war. He is the chairman of the American Committee for the Outlawry of War, which has its headquarters in Chicago. "Years ago," he writes, "when I started research work, after finding that war between nations had no quality of illegality in any treatise on international law, I explored the history of dueling. I got down some rather musty books and found that the parallel of war and the duel was the closest of any. Many peace advocates use the analogy of murder, but the clear distinction is that murder was never an institution, whereas dueling was."

That, I think, is well and clearly put, and obviously it is our business to make war illegal. It is possible that, after the "de-legalizing" and "de-institutionalizing" of war, force will on occasion be used. Laws are sometimes broken. Moreover, we may even grant that in conceivable circumstances it may be proper, or at least excusable, to resist the law. But at least let us do away with the belief that war, like the duel, is permissible as a "court."

If for some reason a peaceful court, national or international, does not work, or is destroyed or misused, force may assert itself in the shape of a riot or even a revolution. But that is the exceptional thing, the alternative to injustice that has reached an intolerable point. The employment of force is always a possibility even though it is condemned by law, but it will become as rare as the duel if it is placed beyond the pale. And that is precisely what the Pact of Paris does—it rules out war as a legal act.

Now there is a theory, held by many sincere people, that one way of securing peace is for every nation to plunge into war if any two nations begin to fight. Many phrases have been invented to express this theory: war to end war, war against war, and so forth. The weakness of it lies in the deliberate recognition of warfare as a method—a method even of preserving peace! The paradox is a little too strong. It is certain that different countries will take different views of their duties if they are not only permitted, but ex-

pected to plunge into strife The determination of the aggressor is not a mathematical proposition, and some slight circumstance may tip the choice on one side or the other. "I have never," remarks Mr. Levinson, "taken any stock in this homeopathic notion of war curing war, and that is what, reduced to its lowest terms, a legalized appeal to force always means."

In Europe we see the danger very plainly. There is one country that we will call A, which has a pact with another country, that we will call B. Now B is on bad terms with C. And C has a pact with D. If ever war breaks out between B and C, then A and D will by these pacts, which foresee and recognize war, be compelled to come in. Since B has also a pact with E, which has a pact with F, while D has a pact with G, which has a pact with H, and so on, there is a menace of a general conflagration the moment local fighting starts. If A and D and E and F and G and H, instead of taking sides, would only bring their pacific influence to bear on B and C, the prospect of general warfare would virtually vanish.

My correspondent truly says that the Briand-Kellogg treaty gives the first true foundation on which the entire edifice of peace can be constructed. That does not mean it is in opposition to the League of Nations. It provides a better basis for the League of Nations. Before the League can effectively exist there must be general agreement that war is ruled out. "It is useless for the nations to expect disarmament or a living-up to rules or laws of war so long as the war system dominates the world and is a law unto itself. Military necessity knows no other law than the law of the needful at the moment to secure victory."

Through the Pact of Paris the institution, war, will cease, as the duel has ceased, to be a court to which disputes are carried. "Dueling is individual war, and war is international dueling," and we want neither. We want all institutions which postulate force as the test of justice to disappear. The duel has disappeared as an institution. War is disappearing as an institution, and the Kellogg pact, in "de-institutionalizing" it, has rendered inestimable service to mankind.

—*Sisley Huddleston.*

The Christian Science Monitor.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTERS XXII AND XXIII

The Fast

For the first two weeks the mill hands exhibited great courage and self-restraint and daily held monster meetings. On these occasions I used to remind them of their pledge and they would shout back to me the assurance that they would rather die than break their word.

But at last they began to show signs of flagging. Just as physical weakness in men manifests itself in irascibility their attitude towards the blacklegs became more and more menacing as the strike seemed to weaken, and I began to fear an outbreak of rowdyism on their part. The attendance at their daily meetings also began to dwindle by degrees and despondency and despair were "writ large" on the faces of those who did attend. Finally, the information was brought to me that the strikers had begun to totter. I felt deeply troubled and set to thinking furiously as to what my duty was in the circumstances. I had had experience of a gigantic strike in South Africa but the situation that confronted me here was different. The mill hands had taken the pledge at my suggestion. They had repeated it before me day after day and the very idea that they might now go back upon it was to me inconceivable. Was it pride or was it my love for the laborers and my passionate regard for truth that was at the back of this feeling,—who can say?

One morning,—it was at a mill hands' meeting—while I was still groping and unable to see my way clearly, the light came to me. Unbidden and all by themselves the words came to my lips: "Unless the strikers rally," I declared to the meeting, "and continue the strike till a settlement is reached, or till they leave the mills altogether, I will not touch any food."

The laborers were thunder struck. Tears began to course down Anasuyaben's cheeks. The laborers broke out, "Not you but we shall fast. It would be monstrous if you were to fast. Please forgive us for our lapse, we will now remain faithful to our pledge to the end."

"There is no need for you to fast," I replied. "It would be enough if you could remain true to your pledge. As you know we are without funds and we do not want to continue our strike by living on public charity. You should therefore try to eke out a bare existence by some kind of labor so that you may be able to remain unconcerned no matter how long the strike may continue. As for my fast it will be broken only after the strike is settled."

In the meantime Vallabhbhai was trying to find some employment for the strikers under the Municipality, but there was not much hope of success there. Maganlal Gandhi suggested that as we needed sand for filling the foundation of our weaving school in the Ashram a number of them might be employed for that purpose. The laborers welcomed the proposal. Anasuyaben led the way with a basket on her head and soon an endless stream of laborers carrying baskets of sand on their heads could be seen issuing out of the hollow of the river-bed. It was a sight worth seeing. The laborers felt themselves infused with a new strength and it became difficult to cope with the task of paying out wages to them.

My fast was not free from a grave defect. For, as I have already mentioned in a previous chapter, I enjoyed very close and cordial relations with the mill-owners, and my fast could not but affect their decision. As a Satyagrahi I knew that I might not fast against them but ought to leave them free to be influenced

by the mill hands' strike alone. My fast was not undertaken on account of any lapse of the mill-owners, but that of the laborers in which, as their representative, I felt I had a share. With the mill-owners, I could only plead; to fast against them would amount to coercion. Yet in spite of my knowledge that my fast was bound to, as in fact it did, put pressure upon them, I felt I could not help it. The duty to undertake it seemed to me to be clear.

I tried to set the mill-owners at ease. "There is not the slightest necessity for you to withdraw from your position," I said to them. But they received my words coldly and even flung keen, delicate bits of sarcasm at me as indeed they had a perfect right to do.

The principal man at the back of the mill-owners' unbending attitude towards the strike was Sheth Ambalal. His resolute will and transparent sincerity were wonderful and captured my heart. It was a pleasure to be pitted against him. The strain produced by my fast upon the opposition of which he was the head cut me therefore to the quick. And then, Saraladevi, his wife, was attached to me with the affection of a blood-sister and I could not bear to see her anguish on account of my action.

Anasuyaben and a number of other friends and laborers shared the fast with me on the first day. But after some difficulty I was able to dissuade them from continuing it further.

The net result of it all was that an atmosphere of good will was created all round. The hearts of the mill-owners were touched and they set about discovering some means for a settlement. Anasuyaben's house became the venue of their discussions. Sjt. Anandshankar Dhruva intervened and was in the end appointed as arbitrator, and the strike was called off after I had fasted only for three days. The mill-owners commemorated the event by distributing sweets among the laborers and thus a settlement was reached after 21 days' strike.

At the meeting held to celebrate the settlement both the mill-owners and the Commissioner were present. The advice which the latter gave to the mill hands on this occasion was: "You should always act as Mr. Ghandi advises you." Almost immediately after these events I had to engage in a tussle with this very gentleman. But circumstances were changed and he had changed with the circumstances. He now set about warning the Patidars of Kheda against following my advice!

I must not close this chapter without noting here an incident, as amusing as it was pathetic. It happened in connection with the distribution of sweets. The mill-owners had ordered a very large quantity and it was a problem how to distribute it among the thousands of laborers. It was decided that it would be the fittest thing to distribute it in the open beneath the very tree under which the pledge had been taken, especially as it would have been extremely inconvenient to assemble them all together in any other place.

In my simplicity I had taken it for granted that the men who had observed strict discipline for full 21 days would without any difficulty be able to remain standing in an orderly manner while the sweets were being distributed and not make an impatient scramble for them. But when it came to the test, all the methods that were tried for making the distribution failed. Again and again their ranks would break into confusion after distribution had proceeded for a couple of minutes. The leaders of the mill hands tried their best to restore order but in vain. The confusion, the crush and the scramble at last became so great that quite an amount of the sweets was spoiled by being trampled under foot and the attempt to distribute them in the open had finally to be given up. With difficulty we succeeded in taking away the remaining sweets to Sheth Ambalal's bungalow in Mirzapur. The sweets were distributed comfortably the next day within the compound of that bungalow.

The comic side of this incident is obvious but the pathetic side bears mention. Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the beggar population of Ahmedabad, having got scent of the sweets that were to be distributed under the *Ek-Tek* tree, had repaired thither in large numbers and it was their hungry scramble for the sweets that had created all the confusion and disorder.

The grinding poverty and starvation with which our country is afflicted is such, that it drives more and more men every year into the ranks of the beggars whose desperate struggle for bread renders them insensible to all feelings of decency and self-respect. And our philanthropists, instead of providing work for them, and insisting on their working for bread, give them alms.

The Kheda Satyagraha

No breathing time was, however, in store for me. Hardly was the Ahmedabad mill-hands' strike over, when I had to plunge into the Kheda Satyagraha struggle.

A condition approaching famine had arisen in the Kheda District owing to a widespread failure of crops, and the Patidars of Kheda were considering the question of getting the revenue assessment for the year suspended.

Sjt. Amritlal Thakkar had already inquired into and reported on the situation, and had personally discussed the question with the Commissioner, before I gave any definite advice to the cultivators. Sjts. Mohanlal Pandya and Shankarlal Parikh had also thrown themselves into the fight and had set up an agitation in the Bombay Legislative Council through Sjt. Vithalbhai Patel and the late Sir Gokuldas Kahandas Parekh. More than one deputation had waited upon the Governor in that connection.

I was at this time President of the Gujarat Sabha. The Sabha sent petitions and telegrams to the Government and even patiently swallowed the insults and threats of the Commissioner. The conduct of the officials on this occasion was so ridiculous and undignified as now to appear almost incredible.

The cultivators' demand was as clear as daylight and so moderate as to make out a strong case for its acceptance. Under the Land Revenue Rules, if the crop was four annas or under, the cultivators could claim a full suspension of the revenue assessment for the year. According to the official figures the crop was said to be over four annas. The contention of the cultivators, on the other hand, was that it was less than four annas. But the Government was in no mood to listen and regarded the popular demand for arbitration as *lese majeste*. At last all petitioning and prayer having failed, after taking counsel with co-workers, I advised the Patidars to resort to Satyagraha.

Besides the volunteers of Kheda, my principal comrades in this struggle were Sjts. Vallabhbhai Patel, Shankarlal Banker, Shrimati Anasuyaben, Sjts. Indulal Yajnik and Mahadev Desai and others. Sjt. Vallabhbhai in joining the struggle had to suspend a splendid and growing practice at the bar, which for all practical purposes he was never able to resume.

We fixed up our headquarters at the Nadiad Anathashram, no other place being available which would have been large enough to accommodate all of us.

The following pledge was signed by the Satyagrahis:

"Knowing that the crops of our village are less than four annas, we requested the Government to suspend the collection of revenue assessment till the ensuing year, but the Government has not acceded to our prayer. Therefore, we, the undersigned, hereby solemnly declare that we shall not, of our own accord, pay to the Government the full or the remaining revenue for the year. We shall let the Government take whatever legal steps it may think fit, and gladly suffer the consequences of our non-payment. We shall rather let our lands be forfeited than that by voluntary payment we should allow our case to be considered false or should compromise our self-respect. Should the Government, however, agree to suspend collection of the second installment of the assessment throughout the District, such amongst us as are in a position to pay will pay up the whole or the balance of the revenue that may be due. The reason why those who are able to pay still withhold payment is that if they pay up, the poorer ryots may in a panic sell their chattels or incur debts to pay their dues, and thereby bring suffering upon themselves. In these circumstances we feel that for the sake of the poor, it is the duty even of those who can afford to pay to withhold payment of their assessment."

I cannot devote many chapters to this struggle. And so a number of sweet recollections in this connection will have to be crowded out. Those who want to make a fuller and deeper study of this important fight are recommended to read the full and authentic history of the Kheda Satyagraha written and published by Sjt. Shankarlal Parikh of Kathlal, Kheda.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by P.*)

The Study Table

(Reviews by John Haynes Holmes)

Mr. Wells' Gospel

Mr. Wells makes great claim for this book.* It states as plainly and clearly as possible, (he says),

> The essential ideas of my life, the perspective of my world. Here are my directive aims, and the whole criteria of all I do. . . . If I could I would put this book before every mind in the world. . . . This is, I declare, the truth and the way of salvation.

To the reader of Wells there is little that is new in the book. How could there be when the author confesses that his "other writings, with hardly an exception, explore, try over, illuminate, comment upon . . . the essential matter that I here attempt at last to strip bare to its foundations?" If this is disappointing, it is still more disappointing to find the book carelessly written, and most inadequate in substance. Never has Mr. Wells' besetting sin of hurry-scurry, harum-scarum, been more evident, and more lamentable, than in this work. When Bernard Shaw sat down to write his "last will and testament"—his recent masterpiece in Socialism—he devoted years to the job, and reared an enduring moument. Mr. Wells took a few weeks, at the most, to "Bear (his) witness and argue (his) design," and the result is a mere jumbled heap of ideas. What a pity that a man of such native power and exalted spirit should so wantonly maim his influence.

Nevertheless, "The Open Conspiracy" is not to be taken lightly. Imperfect as it is as a work of literature, it still has enormous significance as a word of prophecy. Mr. Wells, more than any other man of whom we know, is the typical voice of our time. He represents accurately and expresses sympathetically the dominant intellectual and spiritual tendencies of the contemporary age. This book is not only what Mr. Wells is thinking, but what millions of people, more or less indefinitely, are thinking. It interprets the common thought and common aspiration of the race today. Like a receiving radio set, Mr. Wells catches the waves of hope that are coursing through the air, and broadcasts them to the world.

"The Open Conspiracy," says Mr. Wells, is "my religion." By religion he means subordination or sacrifice of the single individual to some great and high purpose of the common life. "First comes self-regard," he says, "the service, and then (a) reconstructive creative urgency." Mr. Wells is scornful of theology, or indeed any attempt to explain or rationalize the religious impulse.

> The explanation of why things are is an unnecessary effort in religion. The essential fact in religion is the desire for religion, and not how it came about. If you do not want religion, no persuasions, no convictions about your place in the universe, can give it to you. The first sentence in the modern creed must be, not "I believe" but "I give myself."

Mr. Wells is also indifferent to mysticism, or religion as an inner experience of the soul. Religion is "a series of acts." a practical result in the outer world, or it is nothing. "Religion," he declares, "has for its task to set itself to the control and direction of political, social and economic life."

It is this interpretation of religion which brings Mr. Wells to the purpose of his book. What he does in these pages is to issue a call to social action. Too long have men been contented to drift; too long have they been divided and thus rendered helpless by hostile governments and bigoted churches! The time has come deliberately to set things right. What Mr. Wells demands of all intelligent and compassionate people is a united and long-sustained crusade to capture and remake society, an "open conspiracy" to rescue mankind from the bunglers and criminals now sitting in the seats of power.

*"The Open Conspiracy," by H. G. Wells. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.

The prime objective of this "open conspiracy" is a united world. Mr. Wells uses various phrases to describe his ideas—"a world politically, socially and economically unified," "a single world commonweal," "a world state," "a modern world community," "a unification of human direction and human ends." What this united world means, negatively, is a merging or absorption of our independent national sovereignties into a universal world group; the reorganization of capitalism into a unified cooperative regulation of our economic life; and an intelligent and highly self-conscious control of population, its increase and distribution. The opening blow of the "open conspiracy" must be struck at militarism. "There is a plain present need," he writes, "for the organization now, before war comes again, of an open and explicit refusal to serve in any war." This "anticipatory repudiation of military service" must be the initiatory test of those desiring to join the great conspiracy for a better world.

Mr. Wells has no illusions about his plan. He sees its enormous difficulties, and specifically enumerates them. He also sees the awful price of its success.

> The establishment of the world community (he says), will surely exact a price—and who can tell what that price may be?—in toil, suffering and blood.

But there is no other way out. No miracle will save our world. We must save it ourselves, and save it speedily.

> For this little planet of ours is quite off the course of any rescue ships, if the will in our species fails.

This book, in spite of faults, is enormously stimulating. When it gets going, as it does in places, it is Mr. Wells at his prophetic best. That such a challenge stirs on the whole such little response is disquieting.

A Jewish Gentleman With a Duster

This book* is published anonymously. Rumor is attributing its authorship to James Waterman Wise, the brilliant son of a brilliant father, the great rabbi of the Free Synagogue in New York. Whether rumor is correct or not, we do not know. We are simply concerned here with setting down our judgment that the book is interesting, able, illuminating, in some cases beautiful and eloquent, in all cases honest, forthright, discerning.

The volume presents nine character sketches of as many famous Jews—Louis D. Brandeis, Henry Morgenthau, Louis Lipsky, Stephen S. Wise, Ludwig Lewisohn, Felix Adler, Aaron Sapiro, Louis Marshall, and Nathan Straus. All these seem to "belong" with the possible exception of Felix Adler. This great man is a Jew, to be sure, but he has been so long cut off by his own choice and action from the world of Israel, that one is tempted to wonder if he can really be taken as an example of why and how "Jews are like that." But it is "Analyticus'" whole point in his essay that Adler has not left Judaism behind—that the fact that his society is a "Jewish Ethical Culture Society" has its significance. "Adler remains a Jew," says the author. . . . "He is more than a Jew. He is a Jewish type." Maybe so! In any case, the study to which this thesis leads is one of the most interesting in the book.

Of the other sketches, the ones we liked the best were "Louis D. Brandeis" and "Nathan Straus." Here the author was in fullest sympathy with his subjects, the great jurist and the world-famous philanthropist. One can see that he not only admires but reveres these men. The result of his inward attitude is a tribute to each of these two Jews which is not fulsome nor ecstatic, but warm, glowing, ardent, and essentially just. To these two sketches, we are tempted to add a third—the one on Rabbi Wise. This, also, while enthusiastic in praise, is essentially just. As we read it, we found ourselves hoping that it was, indeed, the tribute of a son to his father. From this standpoint it has a certain touching quality of high-minded loyalty and devotion which does equal and noble credit to the two persons concerned.

Other sketches in the book are of a different character. The chapter on Henry Morgenthau is caustic. The one on Louis Marshall is urbane in style, but sternly critical. The study of Lipsky arraigns a man for faults which are not his own, and errors for which he is not responsible. It is the author's opinion in this case that a sincere and admirable man has been forced into a position for which he was never fitted. One feels that the sketch of Ludwig Lewisohn would have been much more drastic had this distinguished author not rediscovered and returned to Israel. The Sapiro story is a wonder story, wrought out with enthusiasm to its dramatic climax in the libel suit against Henry Ford.

To the Gentile reader, this book is enormously interesting and valuable as showing the Jew at work in the American scene. The author's deliberate purpose is to depict the Jewishness of his subjects, and to ask what this means in the literature, the law, the philosophy, the religion, the politics, the general society of our time and place. He draws no final conclusions—renders no verdict on his evidence. But he leads us clearly to see that there is a potent force at work here, and that he believes that this force should remain steadfastly true to itself, while serving the highest interests of America and the world. On the other hand, to the Gentle reader, there seems a fault, a bias, in the book which bends, or turns, the line of its perspective. We refer to the tendency, again and again apparent, to judge a man on the basis of his relation, *pro* or *con*, to Zionism. We wonder if this is wholly fair. As it happens, we are all for Zionism ourself. We share "Analyticus's" enthusiasm for the great cause of Palestine. But should not a Jew have a right to assent or dissent, and still be judged without prejudice upon his own essential merits?

And what about women? There are great women in Israel. Can we really know why "Jews are like that" if the female half of the family is neglected.

This is a fascinating book, an able book. What it reveals about its author is as interesting, and as creditable, as anything that it reveals about his chosen subjects.

*"Jews Are Like That," by Analyticus. Published by Brentano's. $3.50.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

EXTRACTS FROM "STRIKING EVIDENCES OF GOOD WILL"

By Tobias Schanfarber

Rabbi Emeritus K. A. M. Temple

At a time when the literary and religious world is commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, the great apostle of tolerance, the daring propagandist of good-will between religions, the belligerent advocate of brotherhood and fellowship and humanity among the citizens of earth it seems most appropriate to cite instances in which his spirit seems to be at work and in which a more tolerant and loving attitude obtains among people of varying faiths.

We are not unmindful of the fact that glaring instances of bigotry and fanaticism still hold the minds of men enchained. We have just gone through a political campaign in which the nastinesses of medieval intolerance have been disclosed and the firebrands of religious hatred let loose. These are simply evidences that the world has not yet moved up to the glorious heights to which Lessing would have had it ascend. And it will be necessary for transfigured souls such as his and the likes of him to continue their agitation for this nobler humanity for which we are all hoping until we move on to a nearer realization of its presence in the world.

That there is a growing spirit of a more friendly attitude of creed for creed, despite repeated upflarings of schismatic bigots must be clear to every one who studies the question objectively and without preconceived notions. It would be a tremendous reflection upon the progress of the centuries if this were not the case.

We are not going to refer to the recurrent Union Thanksgiving services and the Fellowship dinners that are growing to be so frequent at which Protestant and Catholic and Jew hold joint services and sit down together and break bread and have a good word to say for one another. Perhaps they do not mean much for the broadening of our religious outlook and yet it seems certain that gatherings of this character would have been an impossibility a half a century or a century ago.

Of more significance, perhaps, are the Inter-Racial and Inter-Religious annual meetings of the Midwest Council which were held during the past two years at Racine, Wisconsin. Here men of light and leading in the religious, industrial and social world get together and discuss questions of vital import bearing on the life of religion and race and the industrial social problems that disturb the mind of man today. It is not expected that they will effectually solve all these puzzling and perplexing problems that are so crucial in the developmental progress of humanity and yet the mere fact that Christian and Jew and Negro sociologists come together on one common platform and discuss questions of mutual interest to one another can not be without its helpful results in the ultimate solution of some of these problems.

* * * * *

At the recent Quadrennial Convention of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America held at Rochester, New York, Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein of Temple B'rith Kodesh of that city represented the Jews on the program. He gave a very forceful address. He was outspoken in asking of the church that it judge the Jew honestly and fairly. He did not, as is often done, slur over the differences between Judaism and Christianity. On the contrary, he told of the differences that existed between them and said that he believed that the differences were healthful. He declared that it was not necessary for all religions to think alike, and called upon the churches to cease teaching the children in the Sunday schools that the Jews crucified their savior. He said that if the Christian church wanted a friendlier relationship to obtain between Jew and Christian that the Christian must inculcate the spirit of love into the minds of the children in the Sunday schools and not the spirit of hate. It was his opinion that the best service that the Jew can render the Christian is to help him to be the best kind of Christian and the best kind of service the Christian can render the Jew is by helping him to be the best kind of Jew.

This is plain talk, but it must have impressed the non-Jews to whom it was addressed with the honesty and sincerity of it all.

It was plain talk, too, when recently Dr. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church of New York delivered a sermon on the subject "Wherein Judaism Is Superior to Christianity." He pointed out that Judaism is superior to Christianity in its emphasis upon the moral law. Christianity he declared is primarily concerned with creed—with theological belief—while Judaism stresses the ideals of conduct and character. Further, he pointed out that Judaism is concerned with life upon this side of the grave, whereas Christianity is predominantly concerned with life upon the other side of the grave. Judaism emphasizes present need and the responsibility; Christianity emphasizes future hope and expectations. Finally Mr. Holmes stressed the difference between Judaism and Christianity and the superiority of the former over the latter in that Judaism emphasizes society as contrasted with the characteristic Christian emphasis on the individual. Judaism sees the group; Christianity the separate person. He added, "and as I believe that the whole is greater than any of its parts, and the group, therefore, greater than the single individual so I believe that Judaism is greater than Christianity." That is a bold statement for a Christian to make. Some of the orthodox Christians may no longer consider John Haynes Holmes a Christian, but, no doubt, he himself considers himself a follower of Jesus and of his moral principles despite what the church may say to the contrary.

At any rate, Mr. Holmes does not consider himself of the household of Israel and for him to have conceded the superiority of Judaism over Christianity indicates that he regards certain phases of the Jewish religion as the highest type of religion and this shows a fairness of judgment and a spirit of good-will toward the Judaistic faith which is altogether still too rare in our times.

At least one Jew has appreciated the spirit of Mr. Holmes as indicated in this sermon on the Superiority of Judaism over Christianity and to show his mark of appreciation he has

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War Lies

This book* was reviewed in these columns when it first appeared in England. We refer to it again, only to inform our readers that it is now easily available in this country.

Mr. Ponsonby has written a story as fascinating as a detective tale. Here, in chapter after chapter, are the lies which debauched the public mind during the Great War, each one presented as it was first garnished and served, and then traced to the source from which it sprung. In many cases, there was no source—except the will to believe any kind of a horrid yarn against the enemy. These baseless stories were the ones which almost invariably appear in war times—stories of cutting off women's breasts, chopping off children's hands, crucifying soldiers, etc. In other cases, as in "the corpse factory" tale, for example, the source was found in a perfectly innocent happening which was distorted or utterly perverted for propaganda purposes. In all too many cases, as in the story of the invasion of Belgium as the cause of war, or of the German U-boat outrages, we have lies manufactured out of whole cloth.

What a revelation—more loathsome than the alleged horrors themselves, as showing what war really does to men! Mr. Ponsonby has performed an act of highest public service in writing this book. We hope that it will have as wide a sale in this country as it has already had in England.

*"Falsehood in War-Time," by Arthur Ponsonby, M. P. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

already reciprocated in kind. Mr. Nathan Strauss has invited Mr. John Haynes Holmes to dedicate the Health Center that he has had constructed in Palestine as a gift to the Hadassah, and Mr. Holmes is even now in the Holy Land bent on the mission for which Mr. Strauss has sent him. Mr. Strauss was so carried away by the liberality and good will shown in Mr. Holmes' sermon on the "Superiority of Judaism Over Christianity" that he could not resist the temptation of asking him to dedicate the Strauss Health Center in the Holy Land.

—*The Reform Advocate.*

"CHINA'S MILLIONS"

The readers of UNITY will remember the letters from Anna Louise Strong while on her travels through China and Mongolia. The letters, revised and added to, and illustrated with a score of pictures, have been published by Coward-McCann, in a handsome $4.00 edition. The reviewers speak of it as "fascinating" (N. Y. *Herald Tribune*) and "journalism of the highest order" (N. Y. *Post*) and as describing the "real forces of the revolution" (*New Masses*). Miss Strong has had made a 1,000 paper-pound edition of her "China's Millions"—to be an exact duplication of the cloth edition, except in the binding—the paper-bound copies being chiefly for her lectures and not to be found in the regular channels of trade. The price of the paper-bound edition is $2.00.

UNITY is privileged to make this offer—that any one sending $2.00 either to UNITY, or to Sydney Strong, 425 Fourth Ave., New York City, will receive the paper-bound "China's Millions" postpaid—and in addition his subscription to UNITY will be advanced one dollar's worth. This will apply to each order.

A WORLD-WIDE PRAYER

May peace return among men
Co-operation unite them
Friendship bind them
Love rule them
Justice prevail among them
Self-control strengthen them
Righteousness exalt them
Service ennoble them
Brotherhood enfold them
The past be forgiven them
The future be sanctified for them.

LENTEN GREETING

In behalf of World Peace of international interest is the statement that the three memorials dedicated to Peace are found in three continents, touching six countries.

A quarter of a century ago "The Christ of the Andes" was placed 12,000 feet above the sea on the border between Chile and Argentina (about 32 degrees S. Lat. and 71 degrees W. Long.).

Norway and Sweden after 100 years of peace erected a "Peace Monument" Aug. 16th, 1914, between Charlottenberg and Magnor (border towns not located on available maps).

The newer nations, Canada and the United States dedicated (Aug. 7, 1927) the "Peace Bridge" between Fort Erie, Ontario, and Buffalo, New York (about 43 degrees N. Lat. and 79 degrees W. Long).

With the churches' prayers, the Peace Pact, and individual good will prevailing, ought not all Christians (with great joy for the whole round world) feel the power of the Easter spirit?

ANNIIE B. FORD.
Ner Harmony, Ind.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR UNITARIAN MINISTERS

The Unitarian Committee on Recruiting the Ministry offer to Unitarian ministers three prizes of $100, $50 and $25 for the best essays of about 2,000 words on "THE WORTH OF THE MINISTRY." Essays should be sent to the Recruiting Committee at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than March 1st with the name of the author enclosed on a separate card.

The judges will be Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., Rev. Sydney B. Snow, D.D., Rev. Frederick M. Eliot, Rev. Lawrence Clare and Rev. F. R. Sturtevant.

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